

Vampires, Shapeshifters, and Mermaids, Oh My!

by Dark Mind of the American Teen

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Summary: The Mermaid in La Push: Part 1 of VSM Trio. When unfortunately Rikki's Father passes away, She is forced to move to America to live with her brown-skinned distance relatives. She discovers she's not the only mystical thing in the Forks-La Push area..

1. Chapter 1

Thanks to my beta, Stargazer 1364

****Vampires, Werewolves, and Mermaids, Oh My!****

1: Vampires Shapeshifters and Mermaids, Oh My

The Mermaid Of La Push

Rikki in Forks

Chapter 1

I curse myself in my head once more. Forks, Washington, really? Did my built up karma really have to whisk me away to the rainiest town in the US?

Let me explain. My name's Rikki Chadwick; I'm seventeen. I'm blonde, have blue eyes and pale skin. I've lived on the Gold Coast of Australia my entire life. My dad, who I lived with, suddenly croaked, and I'm forced to move to the US with distant relatives. I have no idea what I'm in for. I thought the worst you could get was a fish tale. But that comes later...

It's a total drag! I mean, I could just move in with my boyfriend Zane or my happily willing BFFs Cleo and Emma. But no, I have to travel across the globe to live with these supposed relatives of mine. And there's one tiny little problem... They live outside of

Forks, Washington, one of the rainiest areas in the US. Why is that a problem, you ask? Can't I handle a little rain? I sure hope so because..when water touches my open skin, I transform into a mermaid. You heard right. When I get wet, I grow a giant fish tail, and so do my friends Cleo and Emma. And how am I going to keep this under wraps in the drenching town of Forks? I have no idea.

I bang my head against the wall as I pack the little about of things I own away, and my BFFs scream in my ear.

'What are we going to do with you, Rikki? How can you just leave us like this!' Cleo screams, but she knows what it's like to lose a parent and it's not my fault I have to go.

"Whatever you do, you must NOT get wet Rikki! Do not get wet!" Orders Emma.

"Yeah I know, Em. I'll be careful."

"You can't just be careful; you have to be EXTREMELY careful. Don't mess up. Watch your back, and watch your step. If we-you-get caught, who knows what'll happen, what your new family will think! And eventually they'll trace us back here, and hunt us and dissect us!"

>"Cool it, Emma! Everything's going to be all right! For all we know, they could be a pack of werewolves or vampires or something," I say.<p>

I am going to miss Zane, Emma, Cleo, and even Lewis, Cleo's boyfriend, so much. Zane's face when I told him I had to go flashes through my head. Of all the times he's broke my heart, I never thought I could make him look so sad, in so much pain. I love him. Please don't make that face ever, Zane.

Now I'm moving with my relatives in America, Sam Uley and his family who live on an Native American reservation outside of Forks. I've never met them, and I'm nervous. I hope they will accept me. I'm positive I'll stick out like a sore thumb. I know I shouldn't doubt them; they must be nice enough if they're willing to invite me to stay with them. I've only ever spoke to Sam over the phone, and he did seem very nice, sense of humor, super young, so I try to calm down as I get off the plane and head to baggage claim. A guy waves me over and I gulp.

"Rikki Chadwick?"

"Sam Uley?"

"It's nice to finally meet you, Rikki."

"Yeah, thanks for letting me stay with you," I say.

"It's no problem." He gives me an awkward one-armed hug, and we load my luggage into the back of his truck. "You're gonna love it down at La Push. I must warn you, our gang of rowdy boys often invades our house, but don't let them bother you. I'm sure all of you will get along." He turns the key in the ignition as a climb into the passenger's seat.

Great. Just what I need. "So these boys, they're your friends?" I

mutter and fasten my seat belt as we exit the airport roads.

"Heh, sort of. They're more like little brothers to me. Practically everyone is related to each other in some way on the reservation. So you can just call them cousins of both of us. For some reason they've chosen my place as their hang out. I'll shoo them out if they give you trouble."

"No that won't be necessary." I say shyly and flip open my piece-of-crap cell phone, scrolling through the seemly thousands of texts from my overeager best friends. No texts from Zane, I note. I pout to myself.

Sam looks - maybe - 25 ***(Sam is 19, jsyk)***, so these boys must be his age or teenagers. "Will they be going to my school?" I question carefully.

"Yes, they're your age," He sees through me, and I blush. Stop blushing! "But actually, you'll be going to Forks High. The kids on the reservation go to the local school."

"Great. So I won't know anybody." I sigh.

"Hey, you'll get along just fine. And don't worry, it's not just boys and you at our house. I have my fiancÃ©, Emily. I bet you two will hit it off immediately. She thinks it a blessing to finally have another girl around the house." Good. I won't be boy-trapped at least. What if they're hot?

We finally arrive, and thank Kira it's not raining. Sam helps unload my things into the house. I do a double take of my outside surroundings. The scape is beautiful. But there's too many trees for my liking. Too much forest green, not enough gold and clear blue and bright green. Tropical colors are lacking here. The trees surrounding me suffocate me and make me feel trapped.

Sam brings my things into what must be my room inside this small and simple-looking house that I will now call home. It's cozy and claustrophobic in here, just like I'm used to, considering I used to live in a trailer home back on the Gold Coast. A pretty woman who I assume is Emily greets me and gives me a light hug. A gentle embrace. "It's so great to be having you in our home. Finally, another girl!" she laughs lightly.

"I'm so grateful you guys are letting me stay with your family."

Like Sam, she has dark skin, and I can't help but notice the visual scar that adorns the right side of her face. I try not to stare, but she notices. "It's just an old mark I've gained over the years. Don't mind it." She smiles.

"I'm sorry," I sweat. "I didn't mean to stare."

"It's alright. I'm used to it by now."

Sam pulls me aside, "Thanks for not freaking over her scar. Emily's sensitive about it."

"Yeah, sorry."

Emily gives me a tour of the little house and gives me a moment to get settled in to my new base of operations. Blank walls, simple miss-matches wood furniture. Old and stuck window. I take a liking to the bed because they bothered to put one of those drape-y thingies over it. It's purple, but it makes me feel cozy. I feel like I have some privacy with it, so I can make the room into my own little fort. Otherwise, the bed very uncomfortable- squeaky springs and a noticeably stained mattress covered by cheap sheets and a torn quilt. I unpack and load my clothes into the rickety dresser: many and many water-proof articles and hoodies, and a pair of high-tech rain boots Lewis purchased for me with Zane's money.

I check my neck for the amulet necklace that each of us-Cleo, Emma, and I-have with a picture of the previous trio of Mako island mermaids-Gracie Watsford, Louise Chatham, and Julia Dove-inside. Another thing that reminds me of Zane.

I once came across an amulet similar to Cleo's in a jewelry shop window while on a date with Zane. I discovered it belonged to Julia Dove, a previous generation mermaid and friend of Ms. Chatham's. I tried to buy it, but I had no money. Before I could make enough money to purchase it, Miriam, Zane's jealous ex, bought it to tick me off. Zane knew I really wanted that necklace, and it was his fault because he accidentally told Miriam I wanted it, so he asked her to give back. She said she would give him it if he kissed her. He kissed her in front of me, and she threw the necklace in the water. Zane said he was sorry and dove in the water to find it, but Emma had gone under to get it! We're lucky Zane didn't see her down there in her mermaid form. I almost revealed our secret when he handed me the dripping-wet necklace.

>It's such a hard secret to keep.<p>

I then add my personal touch to the room, scattering frames of my gang of friends around the room. On the dresser I place a few frames. One picture is of Cleo, Emma, and me sitting in the moon pool on Mako Island (our tales aren't visible of course). Another is of my boyfriend Zane and me, on a date at Sea World Australia** where Cleo works. Another is the same as in the lockets, of Ms. Chatham and her friends. There is even one of all of us- me, Cleo, Emma, Zane, Lewis, Ash, Will, Bella, even Charlotte Watsford- posing on the beach in our bathing suits. I sit on the bed and sigh. I'll probably never see any of them again. There's no way I could afford the trip back, and neither could Sam and Emily. I know they collected a little from each close family on the rez to pay of my ticket here. And swimming from here to Australia is out of the question. I whimper.

Emily comes in and puts her arm around me. "It's going to be alright. You'll love it here, in time." She says.

"I know." I say.

"So..tell me about Australia."

"It's the opposite of here. No trees, just sand and green grass and ice blue water. Sunny all the time. Wonderful."

"Here can be wonderful, too. I bet all these trees are suffocating you, though."

"Yeah," I laugh weakly. "Totally."

She frowns. "So did you have many friends there?"

"Yes, I have my best friends Cleo and Emma and Lewis, and my boyfriend Zane"

"You miss them."

"Yeah..I loved it there."

"But then you came here." She pouts and squeezes me tighter; I don't want her pity. But I like her.

"But then I came here." I huff. She pats me on the back and I go to wash up for dinner.

In the tiny bathroom I wipe my face with a wet towel. Just as I hold onto the wall and gear for the coming tide, I hear a door swing open followed by voices and thumping. "Oh" I fall over and press my back up against the door and cover my mouth. I used my mermaid heating power*** to dry myself and regain my legs before I am discovered. Emily knocks on the door of the bathroom. "Are you alright Rikki? I heard a thump." I finally get my legs back.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I get up, open the door, and give her a smile.

"Oh.., alrighty then. We'd better get the pizzas out of the oven..." She doesn't look convinced and mutters to herself, starting back down the hall. "The boys are here, Sam warned you about them, correct?"

"Yes." I prepare myself and adjust my messed clothes. I try to make myself busy and help with the food as the boys enter the kitchen. My eyes fall upon nine extremely gorgeous Quileute teens. All have dark skin and unique facial features, yet they all look like they could be brothers. Maybe I can get past Zane. Too bad they're all my "cousins."

After Sam, they all pile into Emily's tiny kitchen and grab a slice of pizza. The pizzas look like they're still extremely hot and I am surprised it doesn't burn their fingers. So many pizzas Emily has made. I guess teenage boys will eat like teenage boys. I've seen Lewis and Zane eat like pigs, but these guys make them look like they ate a tiny snack.

Emily rolls her eyes with me and sets aside slices for her and I before they're all gone. The guys finally notice I exist, hiding in the corner, and freeze. "Oh guys, I'd like to introduce Rikki. She's a distant cousin of ours and she's living here with us now. Please welcome her," Sam says. I give a weak wave and return to blowing on my pizza. If only my mermaid power was to cool things, like Emma's. Snort.

The boys -I wish I had something to refer to them as other than that-shyly acknowledge my existence.

"Rikki, this is Quil, that's Collin, Paul, Jared, Brady, Seth, Embry, Leah, and that's Jacob." Sam points to each person, and I make a

half-effort to remember their names. I notice a stern-looking girl, Leah. Her expression almost looks like she's in pain. And the last one - I note - Jacob, is exceptionally cute. He, besides the young-looking one whose name I think was Seth, is the only one who smiled at me though he, too, looks like he'd rather be somewhere else. Such range in age. The youngest looks about twelve!

They go back to ignoring me and stuffing their faces. I feel awkward, so I ask Emily if she needs any help with anything. She tells me she's got it all under control, but I insist on her giving me something to do. She tells me to get some unopened liter-bottles of Coke out of the pantry. I check for any condensation on the bottles, open them, and place them on the counter along with some plastic cups I found to be consumed, fearing they'll drink straight from the bottle by the way they eat (a whole slice down in two bites!). Emily and I lean against the wall and quietly eat our pizza and make small talk. The boys are being boys, yelling and hitting each other, but I notice the occasional glances at me. Some of them hostile, most of them just curious. All awkward.

I am an intruder. Do they suspect me? Of course they don't. I don't have a tail...yet. It's only a matter of time till I eff up.

It's annoying how the two, Jarey and Pete - I think - keep staring at me, my chest in particular. Very annoying.

They finally leave with Sam ('Jacob' smiles at me before exiting), and Emily and I clean up their mess. "It's tiring just to be in the same room with all of them, isn't it?" says Emily.

"Overwhelming. I know what you mean," I say. I tell her I'm going to call my friends, and she leaves me alone in my room. I ball up in my bed text everyone back home, too tired to talk. Zane reminds me how much he misses me in one text, and I cry myself to sleep. Why me?

I'm free to do what I'd like the next day, until the afternoon when Emily's taking me into town to go school shopping. I decide to go for a swim. I've been informed there's a beach nearby, but I have my doubts. I pull on my suit and a tee and shorts to eliminate suspicion and grab my towel. Emily and Sam are nowhere to be found, but a note from Emily left on the counter informs me there's milk and cereal waiting for me, and I am promised a proper breakfast another day. Also Emily leaves numbers I can reach her and Sam at. I put these into my crappy phone and consume some quick Lucky Charms. I head towards the sound of crashing waves.

There's a nice breeze, almost chilling, and the lights are beautiful, but the water is murky and cold looking. After kicking off my sandals, I throw down my things, do a double check for anyone around, and luckily I'm the only one I can detect. So I dive in, and my suspicions are confirmed- it's COLD and murky. Still I explore the bay and lose track of time. No dolphins to swim with, no coral reefs or colorful fish. What I would do to be back where I belong. But this is my "home" now.

Tomorrow I have to face school, and I'm not looking forward to it. Attempt to make new friends, same ol', same ol'. But I don't want new friends. My true friends are all I need. They understand me. We share this secret and that has made us weak and strong. The lyrics of

t.A.T.u.'s Nas Ne Dogonyat
>Nas Ne Dogonyat
Nas Ne Dogonyat
>Nas Ne Dogonyat

_Not Gonna Get Us
>Not Gonna Get Us
They're not gonna get us, they're not gonna get us,
they're not gonna get us
>starting from here
lets make a promise
>you and me
lets just be honest
>we're gonna run
nothing can stop us
>even the night
that falls around us_

_Soon there will be laughter and voices
>beyond the clouds, over the mountains
we'll run away on roads
ever after
>lights on the airfield
shinin' above ya!_

_Nothing can stop this
>not now I love ya
they're not gonna get us
>they're not gonna get us
nothing can stop this
>not now I love ya
they're not gonna get us
>they're not gonna get us
they're not gonna get us
>they're not gonna get us
not gonna get us
>not gonna get us
they're not gonna get us
>gonna get us
gonna get us_

_not gonna get us
>not gonna get us
not gonna get us
>not gonna get us
not gonna get usâ€¦|_

_we'll run away
>to everything simple
night will come down
>our guardian angel
we rush ahead
>the crossroads are empty
our spirits rise
>they're not gonna get us
my love for you
>always forever
just you and me
>all else is nothing
not goin' back
>not gonna make me
they don't understand
>they don't understand us!
don't understand us
>understand us
understand usâ€¦|
>not gonna get usâ€¦|
not gonna get usâ€¦|
>not gonna get us
they're not gonna get us
>they're not gonna get us

_nothing can stop this
>not now I love you
they're not gonna get us
>they're not gonna get us
nothing can stop this
>not now I love ya
they're not gonna get us
>they're not gonna get us
they're not gonna get us
>not gonna get us
not gonna get usâ€¦|.
>they got us..

Nas Ne Dogonyatâ€¦|

This song resonates throughout my cranium as a glide through this dark underworld.

I want my old friends. I can just make myself invisible, hide in the shadows, alone, be miserable. I'll be miserable either way.

After swimming aimlessly for seemly hours, I head back to shore. I haul myself up into a secluded area of rocks and dry myself. With my powers, this takes about five minutes. Finally, when I have my legs back, I pull my clothes back on and see my reflection in a pool. I look like crap. I think twice about splashing my face when I hear someone call my name.

"Rikki?" I whip around. It's Jacob. How much has he seen? Has he been here the whole time. He walks toward me. "Are you alright?" He sees my puffy eyes.

"I'mâ€|managing. It's...Jacob, right?"

"Right. So you were swimming? For how long?"

"Oh, just an hour or so, how long have you been here?" I question carefully.

"I just was around. Thought I saw you from up the hill and came down to see if it was really you."

>"Oh."
"You were in that icy water for an hour?"

>"Yeah." Thank Kira, he doesn't know. Or he's not showing it.
"So you were just hanging out?" he asks skeptically.

"Yep," I lie.

"Hey..are you hungry? We should go over to my place and find some grub. Its a nice walk from here."

"O-okay. Yeah, that sounds great." I grab my things and he jogs over to help me out. "Um thanks." We both kneel over to collect the things I so foolishly flung in the sand.

"Hey what's this?" He dangles my locket.

"N-Nothing!' I snatch it out of his hand.

"Oh..okay." I try to put it on unsuccessfully. "...Need help?" He brings it around my neck. "Here." I hold up my hair. He hooks the latch. "There."

I try to hide my blush. "Thanks." We kneel there for a moment in awkward silence. "So yeah."

>"Yeah." We stand up. He offers a hand up. I take it. My hand lingers there, in his warm grasp. He leads me away.<p>

He shows me around the reservation, pointing to landmarks and trails, showing me my new home. And as much as I'd hate to admit it, I feel at home right now next to Jacob. He's so handsome as he tours us around, telling me the best hangout spots and such. He really is handsome with his tribal, long brown hair; his innocent smile that makes me feel fuzzy inside; and the sparkle in his eye. Oh Kira, what am I, Cleo?

We arrive at his little red shack of a house; he gives me a mini tour. I am lost in him. "Jacob? Who's this?" Jacob and I both jump ten feet in the air and quickly release each others' hands.

"D-Dad! You're back!" Jacob says. The man, a older-looking guy in a wheelchair who looks of much wisdom, raises a skeptical eyebrow and

glances at our hands guiltily hidden behind our backs.

"Who is this?" he repeats, although he already knows.

"Oh right! Dad, this is Rikki, the new girl staying with Sam Uley."

He looks at me. "I've heard very many things about you, Miss Rikki." He says as if it's a bad thing.

Jacob looks at him expectantly. "Rikki, meet my dad, Billy."

"Nice to meet you." I extend my hand.

"Yes.." He gives it a shake, and our hands linger there.

"Well, we'd better find that food I was talking about, right Rikki?"

"Right, Jacob!" A relief. The old man was starting to creep me out. His black eyes were boring through my soul.

"Dad, I was just showing Rikki around. I promised her lunch."

"You shouldn't have. You won't find anything in that fridge."

"Oh."

"Well that's okay, I'll just.."

"No, Rikki! I promised you lunch, and you'll get lunch!"

"It's alright, really-" But he's already taking me out to his truck.

"I'll take you out. Is that okay?" He asks.

"Y-Yeah!" His dad reluctantly throws him his keys. "You know what, Jacob? Actually I think I'm supposed to be back at Sam's by now."

"Oh. Another time then."

"Yeah!"

"Well, at least let me drive you over there. It's a good walk from here."

"Nah, I need the exercise anyway."

"Oh, come on Rikki. I'm itching for a drive around."

"Fine then," I giggle. I hop into his truck.

"So tell me Miss Rikki, where are you from? You have an accent."

"Didn't they tell you anything? Australia, born and raised. The US is a whole new thing for me."

"Australia! That's on another continent!"

"Actually, it's its own continent, country, and island."

"Smart alec."

"Do..do you like it?"

"Like what..?"

"My accent."

"..I do." I blush, and he rubs the back of his head. "Yeah..So, ta think us dark skinneds had a Aussie relative opposite the globe."

"Yeah, I never knew I had you guys till now." And on a tribal reservation of all things. I don't exactly fit in here with my white skin, blonde hair, and blue eyes. I tell him about the Gold Coast, the sun. He's fascinated. I stare out the windshield and hover over old ghosts.

"Hey, you okay?" he asks.

"Oh I'm just thinking," I tell Jacob.

"And what would you be thinking about?" he questions.

"Stuff back home," I reply.

"Stuff? Like? Friends? School? Ex?" he asks mischievously.

"Friends. I couldn't give a darn about school."

"Friends? Ex?"

"Why are you so intent on the secrets of my personal life?" I blush and push myself away from the windshield.

"Sheesh." He looks over his other shoulder. "Just curious.." He throws up his hands. "..You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

For an instant, I ponder if he wants to know if I have an ex because he wants to ask me out. What am I thinking? Of course not..

>"...Well, I have these friends: Emma, Cleo, Bella, and Lewis. We're really close, Emma, Cleo, and me. And I had my boyfriend Zane...he's a complete idiot." I gesture with my hands in front of my face and squint.<p>

"That's good to know."

"And your friends, all those loud boys and the girl?"

"They're okay."

"Mmm... What about you? You have a girlfriend?"

"Nope."

"Ah..."

"...So how did all of you guys come to be such great pals? I mean, Sam's 25, isn't he? And you're what, seventeen? There's a decent age diff there. A little old to be hanging with a gang of brats." I cross my arms.

"Hey now now now! La Push is a small place. We've all gotten to know each other pretty well. Truthfully, I didn't even like Sam at first. Still don't."

I raise my eyebrow at him. "Really? He seems so likable." I tilt my head.

"I'm fifteen, by the way." He grins.

"Fifteen? Is that even the legal age to drive in this country?"

"No..."

"Ugh."

He drops me off at Sam's, and I wave goodbye. I hear him drive off as I launch myself onto my bed-palace and the rain starts. Bleh. Seeing the pour doom outside my window makes me ill, and I cover it. I prepare my rain gear for this afternoon's outing. Kira, help me.

Squeal!

2. Chapter 2

Here is Stargazer's lovely edit of my story

Vampires, Shapeshifters, and Mermaids, Oh My!

Chapter 2: The First Day of School

I groan as Emily comes into my room for the third time to remind me I have school. I slug out of bed and throw on my clothes- long sleeved tee with a plaid tank over it and a hoodie with jeans and boots. I want to make a good impression, so I actually take the time to apply makeup and style my hair.

Emily drives me to Forks High. Like most other things in town it's just off the highway. It made my old school back on the Gold Coast look like a fancy academy, the way it looks like a collect of little matching brick houses, except instead of on a line down the hill, they were gathered in a random cluster.

Emily wishes me luck as I head towards the first long little building, labeled FRONT OFFICE. I recheck that every surface of my body is water-proofed of the dammed rain, open my umbrella that I fished out of the back of the hall closet at the foot of the stairs, and begin my new life and career-student. _Technically_ I am not even

a legal citizen of the US, so this is technically illegal, but whatever. Another reason why I should go to school on the rez with natives. I push open the door with my boot (there's still wet rain on the thin handle) and enter.

I walk down a short hall in front of some desks. A woman looks up from her People magazine. "I'm Rikki Chadwick," I say boredly and see the immediate awareness light in her tired eyes. I was expected, a topic of gossip no doubt. The mysterious Aussie new chick from La Push.

"Of course," she says, digging through a pile of papers until she finds what she's looking for. She hands me a pile of papers. "Welcome to Forks High," she says, and returns to her magazine. She doesn't bother to explain anything to me, just sends me on my way. I'm surprised she didn't even actually shoo me away with her hand.

I turn around on my heel and knock over a girl who appeared behind me and became victim to my path of destruction, dumping the entire contents of her backpack onto the purple carpeting. "Sorry," I sigh. I kneel down to help her collect my things.

"No, it was completely my fault!"

"Don't mind it," I hand her pack.

"...Bella Swan. Do you happen to know where I can get my schedule?" We stand up.

"Don't ask me. It's my first day here. But down the halls where I got mine."

"Thanks...Your accent?" I sigh and direct her back down the hall, and she follows. Americans are really rude.

"Australian. I just moved here from the Gold Coa-Australia." I wave it off.

"Wow, that's a big jump from Gold Coa-Australia to Forks." She looks excited. I sigh again.

"Eh, what can ya do? And you?" I look at her over her shoulder as she tries to keep up with my pace.

"Where am I from? Phoenix. Arizona. In the southwestern states. From desert to choking forest." She sticks out her tongue, and we laugh. I decide to like this girl, Bella.

"Rikki Chadwick, by the way."

We compare notes as walk back out the hall, trying to memorize everything. That's one thing about mermaids. We have great memory... Turns out we have all of our classes together. I can tell Bella and I are going to be fast friends, if not already. We both keep to ourselves and like to keep out, so silence between us won't be awkward. From what I can tell we're somewhat similar, with our albino-pale skin and manor, although I'm more outgoing than her as far as I can see, also minus the fact that I am a mermaid. Maybe she's also my fourth cousin twelve times removed.

I am reluctant to nourish this new friendship though; every laugh we've shared this far has only made me miss Cleo and Emma more. I actually realized how much of a jerk I was to them and how bad I treated them now. The writers of H2O made me heartless!

Anyway, we agree to stick together today-the two newbies-as we walk into classroom "3". We copy another pair of girls, hanging our coats on designated hooks. Together Bella and I take our slips up to the ugly teacher guy, Mr. Mason. He gawked when he saw the names-not an encouraging response-and I rolled my eyes while Bella turned tomato red. Now back to our new classmates; they eye us intently and can't help but whisper amongst themselves. I just ignore them, but it has Bella itching in her seat.

I boredly scan the reading list I received and debate if I should make an effort in this new school to get decent marking. I'll do a bit for Sam and Emily's sake. I can bet they wouldn't be too happy if they learned of the grades I used to get back at my old school. I played with a patterned pencil Emily bought me-what am I, five?-as the teacher drones on.

Finally the bell rings, and a nerdy boy whom I pay no attention to leans across the aisle to chat with the new girls. He focuses on Bella, and I organize my things for transport to the next class. I guess she's more anticipated than the Aussie.

"Where's your next class?" he asks. He's ticking me off and wasting my time because I am inclined to wait for Bella, so I answer for her.

"Government, with Jefferson." I lean in and double check. "Building Six." Bella blinks at me. He glares at me introduces himself as Eric and offers to show Bella to her next class. She glances at me and accepts. As if she needed my permission. She smiles and thanks him. I just made a new enemy, yay. I tend to attract more glares than smiles.

We get our jackets and head out in the hall. Bella gives me an apologizing smile and heads off with ''Eric''. I trail behind, close enough to eavesdrop but not listening to their petty little trivia session, being led to building six. I guess it's my own fault for being so unapproachable and seemingly unpleasant.

Bella catches back with me after ditching Eric and apologizes for leaving me alone. She can do whatever the heck she wants; we're not joined at the hip. Get a clue, Bella! She seems saddened by my statement. I know she prefers me for company, but she's too nice to turn down the Eric's of the school.

The rest of my morning is spout in a repetitive fashion: class to class, new faces, and new teachers that I don't want to get know. My trig teacher, Mr. Varner or something like that, who I would have hated anyway because of the subject he taught -anything with math and numbers! Or letters, although I pretty much hate all teachers; school in general-, made Bella and I stand up in front of all the class and introduce ourselves. I managed only to blush a bit, compared to Bella's tomato shade, and glared at the entire class without faltering. Bella, however, stammered, blushed, and tripped over her own boots on the way to her seat. I pray her clumsiness is not contagious. _[sorry Rikki, but you're out of luck.]_

After a few classes, I start to recognize several of the faces in each class, though the names that belonged to them escape me entirely because I didn't bother to learn them. There's always someone braver than the others who would introduce themselves to us. Bella made sure to drag me into the conversations and keep me involved. I was semi-grateful for that. It's almost like...I can't keep continuous or something. It's weird.

They asked questions about how we were liking Forks and, in my case, the uncharted lands of La Push. Bella tried to be diplomatic, but I mostly made myself small. The ones I did bother to talk to were fascinated to learn I moved from Australia after they asked about my accent.

One girl sat with us in both Trig and Spanish, my worst two subjects-an Australian teen would never need to learn Spanish, and neither would a girl in Forks, since neither were anywhere near Spain or Mexico!-and she walked with me to the cafeteria for lunch. I couldn't remember her name. Obviously neither could Bella, so she smiled and nodded as she prattled about teachers and classes. I mildly tried to keep up.

We sat at a full table with many of her friends, whom she introduced to us. I forgot their names as soon as she spoke them. Ms. No-Name friends seemed impressed by her bravery in befriending me. Who wouldn't? No one rarely approaches scary ol' Rebel Rikki. Cleo and Emma definitely didn't-they hadn't talked to me till the day I rescued Cleo and we became mermaids...

>It's there, sitting in the lunchroom, pretending to make conversation with several curious strangers, that I first saw them.<p>

They were lounging in the corner of the cafeteria, as far away from where I sat as possible in the long room. There were five of them. They weren't talking, and they weren't eating, unless you count annoyingly picking at your food as eating, because they each had an untouched tray of food in front of them. Why aren't they eating their delicious cafeteria food? They aren't gawking at us, unlike most of the other students, so it was safe to stare (at _them_).

>Of the three boys, one was big-muscled like a serious weight lifter, with dark, curly hair. The second was taller, leaner, but still muscular, and a honey blond. The last was lanky, less bulky, with untidy, bronze-colored hair. He was more boyish than the others, who looked like they could be in college.
The girls were opposites. The tall one was statuesque. She had a beautiful figure, the kind you saw on the cover of the swimsuit issue of Sports Illustrated, the kind that makes me want to excuse myself to heave my last meal up like she's doing right now, but I'm not that type of chick. Although I wouldn't go as far as to say I was fully comfortable with my body.

>The girl's hair was sun golden, baked sand unlike my pale sand waves, hers gently waving to the middle of her long back. The shorter girl was pixie like, thin in the extreme, with small features; what I'd imagine Emma to look like if she lost five pounds and became Emo. The girl's hair was a deep brown, cropped short and pointed in every direction as if she was a Yui Volkoa enthusiast.
And yet, they were all exactly alike. Everyone of em' was chalky pale, the palest of all of the students, myself included, living in this sunless town. They all had very dark eyes despite their range in hair tones. They

also had dark shadows under their eye, purplish, bruise like shadows. As if they were suffering from sleepless nights, or almost done recovering from a broken nose. Though their noses, as all their features, were strait, perfect, angular.

>But that is not why I couldn't look away.
I stared because their faces, so complex, so similar, were all devastatingly, inhumanly beautiful. They were face you never expected to see expect perhaps on the airbrushed paged of a fashion magazine. or painted by an ancient master as the faces of angels. It was hard to decide who was the most beautiful- maybe the perfect blond chick, or the handsome blond.

>They were all looking away- away from each other, away from the other students, away from anything in particular as far as I could tell. As I watched, the small chick rose with her tray- unopened soda, unbitten apple, a complete waste of perfectly good indulgences- and walked away with a quick, graceful lope that belonged on a runway. I watched, amazed at her lithe dancer's skip, till she dumped her lunch and glided though the back door, faster than I, a mermaid with supersonic speed, could have thought possible.
I couldn't wait to b to Cleo and Emma about these freaks. I was jealous of these models, surely, they must be supermodels, how could there be any living creature on Earth more beautiful than I, Cleo, or Emma, living, breathing mermaids of mythical radiance. (Okay that's a little vain..) But still how could these godly mortals exist? Unless they weren't mortals, humans at all..

>Just as I thought this, surely by coincidence, the boy with the bronze hair gave me a skeptical glance for a fraction of a second? No, I must have imagined it. My eyes darted back to the others, who sat unchanging.

>I found myself nervous, my heart had sped up at his glance. What is this? For that second, it felt almost like he could read my mind.
"Who are they?" Bella asks then girl from Spanish.

>As she looked up to see who she meant-though already knowing, probably, from Bella's tone- suddenly he looked at her, the bronze one who and looked at me before. He too looked at my neighbor for just a fraction of a second, then to Bella's and lingered for a moment, and then his dark eyes flickered back to mine. I gasped quietly.
He looked away quickly, more quickly than my speed could match. O dropped my gaze in a flush of embarrassment and shook it off (my excuse for shivering). The way he looked at me..

>I continued to look his way and rested my chin in my palm. I grinned smally to myself and then glanced at blushing Bella. She must have thought he was looking at her or something. But I know, he was looking straight at me. No through me, to me. To my eyes. Hmm. My neighbor giggled in embarrassment, looking at the table like Bella did. "Looks like he's liking Bella," she whispered. Bella gasped in confusion. So thought he was looking at Bella, too. No, he was looking at me! "Edward was looking at you, Bella," she giggled. Bella shook her head down. "Edward?" Is that his name? "Yes. That was Edward Cullen. That's Emmett Cullen, and Rosalie and Jasper Hale. The one who left was Alice Cullen; they all live together with Dr. Cullen and his wife." She said under her breath and adjusted her glasses, answering Bella's question from before. 'Edward', huh? And the hot one, 'Jasper'. I glanced sideways at the beautiful bronze boy, who was now looking at his tray intently and picking his food to pieces with his perfect fingers. Gah, I'm turning into a girl.

>His mouth was moving very quickly, his gentle lips barely parting. Those beautiful other three still looked away, and yet I felt he was speaking quietly to them.
Or maybe he's just crazy and he's now talking to himself.

They had old fashioned names, I noted. That was okay. I've always been kind of a romantic (don't tell ANYONE I said that).

>"They're very beautiful." I said to no one.
'Yes, they are ..very nice looking.." Bella struggles with the conspicuous understatement, still pink. "Yes!" Jessica (aha! I remembered her name!) agrees with another giggle. "They're all together though-Emmett and Rosalie, and Jasper and Alice, I mean. And they _live_ together." She didn't approve of this.

>"What a waste. I wouldn't mind getting my hands on the blond bot. They all look yummy." I say looking straight at Edward.
Jessica rolls her eyes and Bella giggles nervously. "Which ones are the Cullens?" Bella asks. 'They don't look related..."

>"Oh they're not Dr. Cullen is really young, in his twenties and early thirties. They're all adopted. The Hales are the blonds-twins- and they're foster children.
"They look a little old for foster children.

>"They are now, Jasper and Rosalie are both eighteen, but they've been with Mrs. Cullen since they were eight. She's their aunt or something like that."
'Mmm."

>"That's really kind of nice- for them to take in all of those kids like that, when they're so young and everything.' says Bella.
"I guess so," Jessica admits reluctantly. I assume she doesn't like Dr. and Mrs. Cullen for some reason; with the glances she was throwing at their adopted children, I would presume the reason was jealousy. "I think that Mrs. Cullen can't have any kids, though," she added, as if that lessened their kindness.

>Throughout all this conversation, my eyes, as do Bella's, flicker again and again to the table where the strange family sits. They continue to bore at the walls and not eat.
"Have they always lived in Forks?" Bella asks.

>"No," Jessica replies in a voice that implied it should be obvious, even to a new arrival like Bella or me, from another country.

>I munch on the grapes I Angela gave me. I realized I forgot my lunch, if it was ever made.
"They just moved down two years ago from somewhere in Alaska."

>I feel a surge of pity, and an ounce of relief. Pity because, as beautiful as they are, they were outsiders in this country of Hearts. clearly not accepted. Relief that I wasn't the only newcomer here from afar, and certainly not the most interesting by any standard. Again, Minus the mermaid part.
Bella looked at Edward. "Edwards gorgeous, of course, but don't waste your time. He doesn't date. Apparently none of the girls around here are good enough for him." Jessica sniffs of rejection. I wondered when he'd turned her down. Well, Edward, maybe none of the gals around here are good enough for you, but I'm new around here and I'm not ordinary girl. I'm a mermaid. I had no intent of telling him that of course. Why would I have any intent to do anything with him. He doesn't date, Rikki. Such a shame. He looks like he could appreciate me better.

>I had not gotten any action with the opposite gender since Australia, and I was used to getting at least one mocking session with ZANE a day. I don't think my needs will be met anytime soon, by my observations of the male student body so far. They can't spell their own level of intellect- I-D-I-O-T-S [watch me spell that wrong]. Well minus the yummy looking Cullen boys_. _They look like they know what they're doing, in all meanings of that phrase. They could easily spell i-n-t-e-l-l-i-g-e-n-c-e easily _[I had to Google it to find how to spell that].

>Bella bites her lip to hide a smile. Then I glance at him again.

His face is turned away, but I think his cheeks appeared lifted, as if he were smiling also.

>After a few more minutes, the four of them leave the table together. They all are noticeably graceful-even the big, brawny one, Emmett? It is unsettling to watch. Edward looked my way one last time, and I forced myself to wink at him, and he opened his eyes widely at me; his face looked like a mixture of confusion, shock, and then a smirk and a frown as he turned to the door. Weird. What am I supposed to make of *that* reaction?

One of my new acquaintances, Angela, who had to considerably remind Bella her name was that, had Biology II with us the next hour. We walked to class together in silence. She's shy.

>As we enter the classroom, Angela goes to sit at a table in the center of the room. She blinks at the seat next to her. I smile quickly at her. I scan the classroom and notice Edward Cullen sitting next to the only other open seat. I face a decision- let Bella sit next to Edward or fulfill my promise to Angela.
As I walk down the aisle to see the teacher, both Bella and I watch Edward carefully. Just as Bella passed him he suddenly went rigid in his seat. He stared at me again, meeting my eyes with the strangest expression on his face, and then flung only what I can call some sort of death glare at Bella-his face was hostile, furious! I blush like crazy and glance at Bella who lowers her head quickly in shock. Bella stumbles over a book in the walkway and I shake myself out of my daze to catch her by the arm before she could humiliate herself. She gives me a thankful glance as the girl sitting there giggles and retrieves her textbook. That b.

>I glanced back at Edward-his eyes had been *black-coal black*. Freaky.

>Mr. Banner signed my slip and handed me a book without speaking. I quickly stole the seat next to Angela. His eyes were *black, soulless*. He gave my heart a good start. It wouldn't stop beating. And now I had left Bella to face sitting next to that..monster. Suddenly felt very protective of Bella, I feared for life. All because of what I had seen when I looked in his eyes.

>I watched carefully as Bella seated herself next to Edward, bewildered by the antagonistic stare had stabbed through her skill. I try to break my gaze and pay attention to teacher, I remember that I'm supposed to be making an effort to get decent grades, but I can't seem to look away. He's now looking at me, but he looks like someone kicked him in the nuts. I feel bad for Bella. Is she doing this to him? What's wrong with him?
He's sitting as far away as possible from her, and averting his face like she smells repulsive or something.

>I turn my attention half to the teacher, who's teaching something about cellular anatomy, unfortunately something I don't give a d about. Not that I care for *any* *school* subjects. I scribble on my notebook, afraid to meet his gaze once more, and yet I find myself wanting too.

>I find myself examining the boy. He's stiffened, his hands clench into fists and his muscles and tendons stressed out under his pale-almost white skin. What it would feel like to run your hands across that stone skin. His eyes..
This class seemed to drag on longer than the others. Really long. I just wanted to go home. To go to my real home-a trailer back on the Gold Coast.

>I peeked up at him one more time. He was glaring down at her, again, his black eyes full of repulsion. As I roll my eyes nervously, the phrase *if looks could kill* suddenly ran through my mind.

_then he's _murdering _her. _I shiver.

>Soon the bell rings, and Edward Cullen is out the door before I can blink. I zoom over to Bella. "Damn, Bella, what did you do, stab him?" I whisper to her. She exhales out with a crossed frown. As we head to the door. A guy blocks our path. I glare at him and Bella looks up.
"Aren't you Isabella Swan?" He asks Bella, grinning goofily. He obviously didn't think she smelled bad.
>"Bella," she corrects him.
"I'm Mike,"
>"Hi, Mike."
I ditch Bella and catch up with Angela on to PE.

>Bella catches up with me and scolds me for leaving her with
Mike.

The Gym teacher, Coach Clapp, found me a uniform but didn't make Bella or I dress out. It doesn't matter, because I would of skipped out anyway-if never done a day of PE in my life, and I don't plan to start now. That partially because our main physical education program back at my old school was swimming. And, y'know, that didn't work out.

>The finally bell rings at last. We walk slowly to the office to return paperwork. The rain has drifted away, but the wind is strong, and cold. I wrap my arms around myself. I realize with my powers, if I strengthen them enough, I might be able to counteract things like this. Why had I never thought to practice this before.
Bella and I make small talk about our first day of school, but neither of us is in the mood because when we walk into the office, Bella almost turns around and walks right out.

>The reason- Edward Cullen stands at the desk in front of us.<p>

We stood pressed against the back wall, waiting for the receptionist to be free.

>He was arguing with her in a low, attractive voice. I quickly picked up on the gist of the argument. He was trying to trade from sixth-hour Biology to another anytime-any other time.

>I knew Bella was thinking the same thing as I was. He was trying to get out of class with us.
Damn, it must have been a really sharp pencil that she'd stabbed him with. She's slowly slipping into denial, I can tell. How could a stranger take a sudden, intense dislike to her-if my suspicions were true.

>The doors opened again, and the cold wind suddenly gusts through the room, rustling papers on the desks, swirling my sun-baked hair around my face. The boy who came in merely stepped to the desk, placed a note in the wire basket, and walked out again, not before winking at me on his way out. Edward stiffened, and turned to glare in this direction. Bella gets high on this. But it only lasts for an instant. He turns back to the receptionist. "Never mind, then," he says hastily in his angel voice. "I can see that it's impossible. Thank you so much for your help. " And he turn on his heels for the door. As he passes by me, I brush my hand by him and the contact turns him to ice. Literally. His skin is ice cold, and he needs some serious sun. He stares at me, the one suddenly smirking, and continues out the doors. Bella attempts to bore holes through my skull.<p>

"How did your first day go..girls?" the receptionist asks. "Fine,'" Bella lies in a weak voice. She doesn't look convinced. "Wonderful," I say, and over my papers, and about-face. "Later, Bella," She gives me a tiny smile.

Outside I scan the parking lot for familiar vehicles; faces. A truck pulls up by me, and I head towards it, avoiding little puddles. I didn't recognize the car. The window is rolled down. "Rikki."

"Jacob." A smile immediately crosses my face.

"Well don't just stand out there in the cold." He pushes open my door, and I'm grateful because the door handle was soaking wet. "Emily asked me to pick you up. She was running late," he explains. "Thanks." I climb in and slam the door closed and buckle up. I hug myself and shiver. He turns up the heater. "So how was your first day of big-bad high school?" We pull out of the parking lot and I spot Bella sitting in what must be her truck, staring out her windshield. "Interesting, actually," I say, still eyeing Bella behind us. "Hmm?"

>"Yes, very interesting." He eyes me up and down skeptically. "I mean the classes, as expected, were bo-ring. I met a few decent people though. It's easy to make friend here." I say to dispel suspicion. "That's great for you." he says.
We drive in awkward silence. "I don't see why I can't just go to school on the reservation, though," I say. "I _know. _It'd be easier, wouldn't it? And..And I'd like it if we together, I mean, it would be cool if I could see you every day-I mean it would be cool with us..."
I giggle to myself. "Yeah, that would be nice,"
"Don't tell anyone I told you this, but I think you can't go to the school on the reservation because it's like an insider thing. Only the direct and close Quileute descendants can go. Learn the secrets of the tribe, along with the basic algebra, reading, writing."

"Ah. So they don't trust me."

"That's not it. Well, sort of, you got to get to be know. Work your way into the tribe. You're family now, but you have to earn it and become one of us. We're glad to have you with us."

"Thanks Jacob." I sniff and realize I am crying, and I wipe the tears from my face._ Where did these tears come from? Wait-tears! _I brace myself to reveal my secret. -"Rikki are you okay?"- 3 seconds. I HOLD ONTO THE DOOR HANDLE and debate whether to jump out of the moving car. 5 seconds. seven seconds. ten seconds. My tail doesn't not come. "Rikki?"

"I'm. Ok." It comes out as a question. I looks at me concerned. I try to calm down my racing heart. It doesn't help when he places his hand on top of mine in my lap.

* * *

><p>I'm changing the entire course of this story than my original draft. If you looked in my original note book and at this, it would be unrecognizable. I'm taking the original notebook to write in (if there's any room left) on my trip to LondonUganda.

oh and mermaids have heightened senses 'cuz I said so. and photographing memory and stuff and grace. same with speed and strength, because they're enhanced in their mermaid form. they just have to bring out their abilities with the power of water to fuel it. Rikki's powers are developing as she slowly discovers her enhanced abilities

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 4: Cullen Fans + Welcome to the Wolf Pack- Part 1

Here's plenty of EddieRikki for all you
Edward-should-end-up-with-Rikki fans...

I just returned my Twilight Graphic Novel to the library so the story might be a tiny bit off. I was using the comic storyline interpretation as a basis for this story (so I wouldn't have to flip through the novel). I do have the fanbook right next to me, but that's good for nothing...

* * *

><p>(A couple of days later)<p>

Bella and Edward seemed to be getting along better now, based on how there was plenty of laughter coming from their lab table. I don't know why he was so freaky next to her before. Although, once I caught Edward looking my direction. We locked eyes and pretty much stared at each other for fifty seconds. I was raising my hand awkwardly to give a little wave, but he looked away then and I felt really stupid.

Later that day I stormed out of the school and bit my lip. I dogged snow as I headed for where Jacob picked me up every day. I peeked over my shoulder and witnessed Edward watching Bella's dirt bag truck off. I shook my head and slowed my pace. Why should I care what Bella and Edward do? It's none of my business. I was too busy in my head to notice Edward was walking up behind me.

"Rikki!" Edward said from behind me. I walked a little faster.
"Rikki!" He said a little louder and caught up with me, putting his umbrella above us.

I whipped around. "What do you want? Where's _Bella?_" I knew where Bella was, she had just driven off!

He was taken aback by my tone. "What does Bella have to do with anything?"

"Um nothing.." I bit my lip and looked to the side and back. "So what did you want to talk about?"

"I.." I raised an eyebrow at him and moved closer under the umbrella. He just looked at me without saying anything, like he was trying to figure me out. "Well if you don't need anything.." I turned around, waiting for him to tell me to wait. He didn't, I was pretty sure he was still staring at my back. I walked a few more steps and slowly turned back around, pushing my hair behind my ear. "Edward?"

"Yes?" He was still looking at me the same.

I took a deep breath. Now or never, Rikki. "Hey do you want to go out sometime?" I tilted my head hopefully.

His eyes widened and he looked like he didn't know what to say. Uh oh.

"Uh-Nah..I think I'll have to pass on that."

"Oh. Well if you ever change your mind" I didn't finish, I turned

around and speed walked away from the Cullen so he wouldn't see my forming tears. I looked frantically around for Jacob's car, needing an escape from his penetrating eyes.

"Rikki wait!"

I waited. "I changed my mind. The offer still stands?"

What? "Yes!"

"Great! So..pick you up at six?"

"Sure." And I bolted for Jacob's car.

How did his eyes-those sometimes black-sometimes gold eyes- always do this to me? Why did those eyes that I made me frightened before now beckon me to stay close to him. It was sort of like adrenaline- the fear made me keep talking, telling me to run away and then run back.

But just now, when I had fleeing him and returning, I felt no fear.

I felt curiosity.

I felt hope.

And most of all, I wanted to figure him out.

And I was supposed to be team Jacob.

xoxo

****A combined the part below which used to be the next chapter with this.****

Here's a Thanksgiving present- I'm giving my thanks to wonderful beta ****Stargazer1364**** for knowing exactly how my mediocre idea can be manifested into this amazing masterpiece below. Originally it was 100 words and I know that would not be appreciated. Blah Blah enjoy! This chapter of her creation might be a hint at the future..or maybe not, you'll just have to find out since she's made it clear she's "Team Blackwater". Anyway, your regularly scheduled evil laughter.

xoxo

It was one of those rare days in the Cullen household where nearly everyoneâ€”excluding Alice and Jasperâ€”were acting on their own away from the house. Esme had traveled to Port Angeles earlier in the day for some interior design shopping while Carlisle spent his time at the office in Forks Hospital, working on a new thesis paper. Rosalie towed Emmett along to an exclusive car auction in Tacoma to bid on a possible birthday present for Jasper. Edward had ventured off on his own to hunt for a quick bite of deer, which left Alice and Jasper with the house to themselves.

The couple were reclining on the floor of the family room, snuggled up to each other with Alice between Jasper's legs and her back resting on his chest. A movie, Life is Beautiful, was rolling on

the flat-screen, filling their ears with authentic Italian accents and words. Alice's hand flew to her mouth as the sound of bullets rang through the speakers and light flashed on the screen, and Jasper squeezed her hand comfortingly. She kissed his cheek quickly before flicking her eyes back to the movie, and love was surging from his body in waves, greatly affecting Alice's emotions. She finally stopped the movie and spun around, hugging her husband and planting a sound kiss upon his mouth.

"Thank you for loving me, Jasper," she softly whispered in his ear.

"Anytime," Jasper replied. He appraised the room before curling Alice into his arms and gracefully jumping to his feet, setting her on hers in the process. "Why don't you head on upstairs while I clean up down here?" There was a hint of Southern twang to his question, which made her smile fondly.

"Of course, Jazz," she amiably agreed, the smile still firmly on her face. "See you in a few, honey."

Flashing up the stairs, she meandered into room, anxiety evident on her expression as her overly active hands fluttered around the expansive area, everything tidied in her wake. Exhausting the few cleanable items in the room caused her to flop onto the bed and sift through the future for anything that pertained to Edward's love-life or that abstruse and mysterious new girl named Rikki. Astonishingly Rikki blurred any vision she was involved in, forcing Alice to be wary but curious. Abruptly a powerful vision slammed into her sight, immobilizing her with its intensity.

_Edward and Rikki were relaxing at the pool in the local gym _Hoops and Fitness _even though it was after-hours and completely deserted. The moonlight shone through the slits that constituted as windows in the establishment, casting an eerie glow to the pool and causing Edward's skin to slightly sparkle. She didn't appear to fear him as his skin glittered partially. His hand was holding hers, stroking her wrist with his thumb as they rested in the recliners placed by the pool. It was quiet for a minute before she huffed and tugged her hand away from Edward's, twisting to face him with a determined look to her visage._

"_Edward, I have to tell you something," she nervously stated. _

He smiled curiously at her before motioning to go ahead. "If this is the reason why we've broken into the fitness center, then I'm listening, Rikki," Edward replied.

She swallowed, her jugular shifting with the motion. Her

voice quivered as she plowed forward, "I'm not human. Well, not fully human."

Alice's brother's eyebrows rose as a smile turned his lips upward in amusement. "Oh, really? What's the other part, then, Rikki?"

_Sighing, Rikki unfolded herself from the chair and sluggishly trekked to the shallow end of the swimming pool. She threw over her shoulder, "You coming, or are you going to sit there like a damn

duck?" He scrambled off the chairâ€"a startling lack of vampire grace evident in his movementsâ€"to approach Rikki, standing stock-still near the steps. "You want to know the other half of me? You need to see why I won't go swimming with any of you? Here it is."_

She placed one foot into the chlorinated water, slowing submerging the other and then her entire body in the deep end of the pool. The water began to bubble and foam around her form, encompassing her face and features into a fizzling deluge of bubbles. It eventually cleared, and Rikki surfaced in seemingly nothing but a orange-brown bikini top that shimmered with scales in the moonlight. She smiled before sinking into the water and drifting to the bottom of the pool. Edward leaped in after her, scanning the dark waters for her form. What he found, however, caused his jaw to drop in astonishment.

_A long, orange tail formed from Rikki's waist down, splitting into a large fin. He swam closer, inquisitive; her grin was still floating on her face as she flipped her tail invitingly towards him. Edward reached her and gently ran his hand over her scales, mesmerized. Rikki sweetly closed her hand around one of his and tugged, mouthing, _Hold on. _Nodding his head, he agreed cautiously. Suddenly they were slicing through the water at a top-notch speed, leaping through the surface to land beside the pool._

"_Well, that was exhilarating," Rikki breathed. Edward let a chuckle slip through his lips, followed by a sudden torrent of loud and boisterous laughter from the both._

"_I can't say I'm surprised, Rikki," Edward replied. "Alice and I always thought you were a little fishy."_

Alice blinked, thoroughly stunned by the perplexing anomaly that was Rikki. She glanced around her room quickly, not finding Jasper. A knock sounded at the door before her panic level could escalate. Jasper dashed across the room to pause in front of Alice; kneeling, he looked into her eyes.

"What did you see, Alice?" Jasper questioned. "What happened?"

"I saw . . . I think I saw" Alice trailed off, shaking her head. "It's impossible."

"What _happened_, Alice?" Jasper growled.

She raised a finger at him, warning him to be patient while she gathered herself. She counted to five before exhaling a calming breath. "I saw . . . Edward, swimming with a mermaid."

Disbelief radiated off of Jasper and was displayed in his voice as he told Alice, "Mermaids are not real."

"That's what I thought as well, Jasper," Alice said.

4. Chapters 4 and 5

Okay Star is back and has done up dis little chapter again: (I really need to start numbering them)

MARCH (Referring to Illustrated Guide for timeline, otherwise I'll screw this up)

I've fallen into a routine in La Push: spend the afternoons with Jacob, doing homework and watching him work on his bikes; text Bella and secretly trying to obtain information on her relationship with Edward; and share those staggering stares with Edward. I try to not think of him eye-fucking me, but I know he's just trying to get inside my head. I am seriously not okay with that. Sorry Eddie, you're not seeing my thoughts anytime soon..not that you ever could. He just seems like the type who knows what you're thinking, accept when it comes to me..yeah.

This place feels like home. Little to no mermaid trouble and worries. But something, in the back of my mind, warns me to not get too comfortable here. Like there should be something I need watch out for. It keeps me on the edge. It's a supernatural feeling, unfortunately.

Other than that, no worries. And Jacob is such a great mate/pal. Could it be something more? Bella is becoming more tolerable, kind of a weird friendship with her. Sam treats me like the little sister he never had, which is pretty awesome except for the fact that he sneaks off to be with his cult of rambunctious teenagers, and Emily spoils me like a little baby. The best thing is I have a date with Edward...I HAVE DATE WITH EDWARD!

xoxo

After school, I gathered the courage to call Edward—he and his siblings hadn't been at school today again for whatever reason—before Jacob, Sam, or Emily showed up to pick me up. But as I went around the corner—cautious of the puddles, as always—and leaned against the brick wall, I realized I didn't have Edward's or anyway of his families' numbers.

Okay.

Inhale. Exhale.

I walked back into the maze of the school's office and walked up to the desk. No one was there. I did a double-take and swiped the student address book off the side counter, self consciously flipping through the names until my chewed nail reached the 'C' tab. I got out my iPhone, a late birthday/Christmas present from the Uleys that flattered me a lot, and quickly tapped in the home phone for later use because, of course, Edwards cell, if he had one, wouldn't be listed in here. But the cell number of Dr. Cullen, who was Edward's father, was listed, so I saved that too just in case.

After that was finished, I went to 'CH' in the address book to see the most likely outdated info Sam had given them, but I heard the rear door of the office screech open and the clack of the receptionist's heels on the plaster. I carefully placed the binder on the other side of the counter and dashed for the door.

When I got outside, I was surprised to see that not one Quileute had come for me. How am I supposed to get—

Luckily at that moment, Bella bust out of the metal doors of the front doors of the school. I quickly hurried over to see a dazed look on her face, almost dreamy. "Hey, Bella! Bella!" I had to snap her out of her daydreaming.

"Oh, Rikki." She smiled weakly and stopped walking.

"Hey, you on your way out?" I jerked my head in the direction of the nearly empty parking lot.

"Yeah." She paused and looked me up and down. "You need a ride?"

"Yes, please!" I clapped my hands together in front of my face and guided us to her run-down Chevy.

I tried to pry the door open, but it was locked and didn't open automatically. She tossed me the keys over the hood, and I reached out to catch them but then noticed the water accumulated flying off. Doing a girlish scrunch of my shoulders, I allowed the keys to zoom past my head and make a tiny splash in the puddle behind me. Bella stared at me—"she was supposed to be the clumsy one."

"Oh...I-I didn't catch them."

"I can see that." She waited for me to bend down and scoop them back up, but when I refused to do so she started walking around the trunk.

"Oh, I've got it." I hurriedly bent down and grabbed the inside of my jacket to pick them up, unlocking the truck and tossing the keys back to her. She gave me a funny look, went back to the door, and got in. I did the same.

Phew.

xoxo

So after a silent drive with Bella, I told her to just drive me to the borders of La Push because I knew my house was way too far for her to be home at a reasonable time. I glanced up at the light grey sky, noting the coloring wasn't the it's-going-to-rain-whether-you-like-it-or-not grey. Okay. I started my long trek along the soon dirt road home.

After about a mile, I reached the area line and stopped against a tree to make the call that I had to planned to make an hour earlier. Maybe the Cullens would be home by now.

I dialed the number. The squeaky chime voice on the answering machine only must have belonged to the pixie Cullen sister.

"You have reached the Cullens' home telephone. We very are sorry we couldn't answer the phone. We are currently either unavailable at the moment or not in the residence. We are sorry for the inconvenience. Please leave a message including the number we can reach you at, who you are and the basic reasoning for your call and we will call you back as soon as we can! Thank Youuu"

I didn't call Carlisle's number after that because I wouldn't bother

their day off. I clicked cancel and put my phone in my pocket. Stiffening, I had a chilling realization.

I was not alone in these woods.

Gradually I turned around to face the largest wolf I've ever seen in my life. In fact, it was the only wolf I had ever seen other than on the television. Its eyes were a shimmering golden, so expressive I could only gape at its startling form. Its fur color was a rusty brown, and it was very shaggy, with leaves and twigs ensnared within it. Its eyes trapped me like a bird caught in the gaze of a starving cobra.

A shudder ripped along my spine in fright. It tilted its head at me, and then it was gone as fast as it had appeared.

****Coming in the next few chapters: Bella and her classmates come to first beach, and Bella interrupts a romantic walk on the beach that Rikki is engaged in with Jacob, then when Bella and Rikki get separated from Angela and Jessica while shopping for dresses, will Rikki have to reveal her powers in order to protect Bella and herself if Edward fails to rescue them in time?****

****the more reviews I get, the more updates I doooo****

5

Stargazer has run off into the night; but my work is never done~~~

I do not have a copy of Twilight on me so this story will be changed to what I think I remember happens.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! HAPPY HOLIDAYS! HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESUS! JUST BE HAPPY AND REVIEW THE DAMN CHAPTER, PPLS!

ALICE

I was too late to answer the phone as we arrived home earlier than the rest of our family after our hunting trip. But as I delicately reached for the receiver and Edward stalked in behind me, the answering machine played aloud..

Hey..this is Rikki..Rikki Chadwick..can you have Edward call me back about our date? Thanks..my number is..._

I turned around quickly and scanned my brother, blocking him with my arm from zooming past me to the phone before the message repeated.

"you scheduled a date with Rikki Chadwick." it was said matter of factly, but it was still critical and suspicious.

He just shrugged stiffly.

Every since my vision, I had been watching my brother carefully, in future and in person. I needed to know more about this Rikki..and what the heck she really was. Edward showed no indication of knowing her true identify, and I doubted she knew ours...and now they were scheduling dates? This was worse than his 'relationship' with that's brain-dead human Bella.

Edward got around me at deleted the message and eased up the stairs as the rest of our family entered the front room. I watched him go up those stairs, wondering which future I foresaw for him was the true result. Likewise, which future him was best..I did not know.

RIKKI

(stands in forest)

I stood there, frozen. What if it came back? What if it wanted to eat me? I'd heard someone once say _"they're more afraid of you then you are of them"_ but I was reluctant to believe that. It was just so huge..so immense..but not threatening. Definitely not.

Sort of..

Welcoming?

Oh, but that didn't make sense.

And it's eyes, they did not look afraid. Not afraid of me. Possibly afraid for me? Because it was about to kill me? I could not know.

* * *

><p>That night, after a simple dinner with the Uleys, I called Jacob, because it was probably inappropriate to go over so late on a school night.<p>

I did not tell him about the wolf. I told him practically everything a girl could tell a good guy friend, but I did not want worry him. And for dome reason I felt that I _shouldn't_ tell him. It was secret he-or Sam-didn't need to know. That I was within ten feet of death, looking it in the eye.

I did find something to talk about, because it was easy for our conversations to become awkward, especially over the phone; I told him that on Saturday some of the kids I ate lunch with were thinking about coming down to First Beach. He said we should go meet them, and I could surprise him. They had no idea I lived just south of that area.

I always found myself smiling brightly when I heard the sound of Jacob's voice. I couldn't wait to talk to him every day after school. I guess this place isn't so bad after all.

And I can't wipe this smile off may face, even though I was frozen with fear, just hours ago. Jacob just does that to me. Makes me feel home. I hope a friendship grows even more. Though something tells me Sam wouldn't be too happy about that.

* * *

><p>..I was hoping Edward would return my call tonight-and that we could have a our date tonight. But no call, and when I finally did get the call, it was only a short message- Rikki, canceling our date this weekend. Maybe we could reschedule *some shuffling and girls' voice and his mumbling in the background* scratch that, I

don't think I can go anytime soon... *end of message*

well, shit.

5. Chapter 6

****Happy Day After Valentine's Day!****

****Disclaimer: I have not but a few fanfics to my name. Nothing like that Twilight Saga or h2o or one of dem things..****

>About three things I was absolutely positive.
First, I was a mermaid.

>Second, Edward was a vampire and there was a part of him- and I didn't know how dominate that part might be- that thirsted for Bella Swan's blood.
Third, I was positively and absolutely liking his vampire-like nature.

That's (above) just crack I left in the chapter. Stargazer added _3_. :3

>Chapter 8 (More or less . . .)

>RIKKI

>On Saturday, after pushing my homework schedule to tomorrow, I climbed out of bed and got dressed; I could tell it was going to be a cold one today. What had compelled Mike to want to take the gang to the water in this time of year?
I wore a simple ensemble of boots and a top with my sports hoodie and special hand-woven Quileute scarf, made and gift-wrapped by Emily. They really spoil me. A swipe of mascara to my eyelashes completed my look, and I was ready to go.

>"Good morning, Emily," I greeted the woman who was becoming like a young aunt to me in the kitchen.
"Look at you, all dressed up." She smiled at me while finishing the load of dishes Sam and his crew must have left this morning after breakfast. "What would you like for breakfast, Rikki?" Emily inquired before putting her hand on her hip.

>"Um, I think I'll pass." Maybe I could convince Jacob to take me out for brunch. Unlikely.
"Are you sure?"

>"Yeah."
I maneuvered toward the door when Sam blocked my path.

>"Where do you think you're going?" His muscled body towered over me.
"Sam, you scared me," I replied, stepping back cautiously and neatly dodging the question.

>He raised his eyebrow and exchanged glances with Em.
"Where are you going?" He asked a little more firmly.

>"I was going to meet some friends on the beach. For a walk and stuff," I told him.
"Oh." He didn't sound any more relaxed. "I think-" He paused for a second when Emily gave him a hard look.

"-That it would be best if you stayed home today and did some homework."

>"What? Come on. I already told my friends I was going, and I barely have any homework," I complained.
Emily interrupted whatever he was going to say next. "Sam." Again with the looks.

>"Alright. You can go out also long as you go with someone we know."
"...Like Jacob? He's going too." I thought this was about homework. I guess they just didn't want me going out alone. Even though it wasn't like I was going far, I was glad they were worried about me.

>"Don't worry, guys. I'll be fine," I assured them both with a

smile.
Sam didn't say anything else, But Em said bye quietly to him as he left.

>After the awkward encounterâ€”where had Sam emerged from, anyway?â€”I texted Jacob and started walking down the main road, trying not to look into the trees. It could still be out there.

>Jacob met me at our special tree that could someday be an exclusive make-out spot. Eh, not so much. He smiled as I approached. I wasn't sure what to do, so I went for a weak high five. He laughed.

>"I see you're all geared up for our loonng hike."
"You bet," I replied with fake cheer.

>"Let's go then."
His long black hair and my blond waves fluttered in the icy breeze which was a contrast to the surprisingly sunny day. The islands of the shoreline by what Jake called the Quillayute were beautiful. I admire the First Beach scene. I spotted my group of classmates up ahead, but Jake grabbed my arm. I turned to see why he stopped me from catching up with them.

>"Rikki, you know my friends," he started. Oh great, Sam's rambunctious pack of teenage hotties. Okay, _think Rikki, how do you get out of this?_

>"Hey, Rikki!"
I opened my mouth and pointed over my shoulder, looking at Jacob. "Sure, Rikki you go ahead," Jacob responded to my silent question. I ditched the group in favor of going over to the gang.

>"Bella!" I jogged over to her.
"Rikki, I thought you said you couldn't come!" Jessica said.

>"Yeah, well, actually I'm staying on the reservation."
"Oh, really?" Jessica inquired, looked to where Lauren, Angela, and some of the others were watching Mike light a fire. Bella Swan was included in the bunch.

>She watched as the fire caught the tinder and licked up the logs. "It's blue," she stated in shock.
"The salt does it. Pretty, isn't it?" Mike rhetorically asked, smiling.

>Like I hadn't seen that trick before. Well, actually . . . whatever. "Hi, guys." I tore their attention from the flameMike.

>Lauren looked up and glared at me while Bella noticed me finally.
"Oh, hey Rikki." She stood up to greet me.

>The entire group stayed and talked about nothing in particular for a while, and my eyes searched for Jacob and his friends. Where did they go?
They guys wanted to go for a beach hike, and while the other girls opted out, Bella and I came along. We fell behind silently, and I tailed Bella as she avoided the roots at the forest floor. I was wary. No wolves aroundâ€”at least none that I could see. Eventually we broke through the emerald confines of the forest and found the rocky shore again. At the banks we found the pools.

>Bella climbed carefully unto a rock and peered into the natural aquarium while I looked out to sea. Oh, the sea I missed. I hadn't gone mermaid since I left Australia. Maybe...I could sneak away...just go for one swim... Of course not. What was I thinking? It was too dangerous. Too soon. Oh. I had to get my mind of it.

>"Bella." I startled her out of her daze. What a ditz.
"Y-yeah?"

>"What do you know about Edward Cullen?"
She hopped off the rock and looked at me, wide-eyed. She was silent. I peered at her questioningly. "Well, he's a nice guy. I mean, we're kind of friends, and he practically saved my life."

>"He did?"
"Well, he took me to the nurse once when I fainted in Biology, and when one of the guys' cars skidded in the school parking

lot, he pulled me out of the way. I'm surprised you didn't hear," Bella said, embarrassed.

>"Yeah." I don't care about school events much. "That was nice of him." Avoiding dates and chief's daughter life-saving.

>She didn't reply and stuck her hands in her pockets, looking over her shoulder. "You wanna go?"
"Yeah," I vaguely replied, starting after the boys.

>When we got back, our group had multiplied. Again, I recognized the shining black hair and cooper skin of the Quileutes I was somehow related to. And of course, they were eating. I also recognized my captor. Sam nodded at me, and I strolled over, feeling his arm wrapping around me in an embrace.
"You couldn't trust me enough to leave me alone, could you?" I asked accusingly.

>"Hey, I had to make sure little Jacob wasn't going to try anything on you. And the guys wanted to stop by. We don't get many visitors this time of year," Sam answered in his deep voice, attracting the attention of the entire group.
"I'm living with Sam," I responded to the question hanging in the air.

>"What?" my classmates blurted out.
Sam laughed. "What she means is that my family took her in when she moved from Australia."

>"Oh," Jessica said airily. Hadn't I told her that earlier? No one listens to me.
"Speaking of which, aren't you a little old to be hanging with juniors?"

>"Why, Rikki, I'm only nineteen," Sam joked.
"No way." I thought I smelt jealousy emitting from Jake's direction, but wait! He was too busy flirting with Bella, away from my man, Swan. I went to fetch something to eat and plopped down next Jacob, in between him and Bella.

>"Do you know Bella too, Jacob?" asked Lauren suddenly across the fire. I zoned out until I heard a 'Cullen'. The Cullens, my favorite frustration. "â€"Too bad none of the Cullens could come out today. Didn't anyone think to invite them?" she was obviously saying with fake concern.
"You mean Dr. Carlisle Cullen's family?" asked Sam. What did Sam know about Edward's dad?

>"Yes, do you know them?" she queried, turning toward him.
"The Cullens don't come here," he said in a tone that closed the subject, ignoring her question.

>Lauren glanced back to Tyler and his CDs, but I stared at Sam, taken aback. Unfortunately, he was looking away toward the dark forest behind us. He had that weird look in his eye like this morning. He'd said the Cullens didn't come hereâ€"implying that they weren't allowed to. I have to get to bottom of this. Better ask Jakeâ€"only he had reverted back to sucking near air with the ungraceful Swan. What happened to our date-like plans?

>Bella asked Jacob to take a stroll down the beach, probably trying to get info out of him by the way she was looking up from underneath her eyelashes in such a Edwardly way. Jacob glanced at me and went with her anyway. I huffed moodily and decided I should just follow them. Sneakily, I trailed the two of them up the beach.
Yada yada flirting...here we go.

>"â€"The Cullens? Oh, they're not supposed to come onto the reservation," Jake said, looking off to James Island.
"Why not?" Bella asked innocently.

>He bit his lip, all cute. "Oops. I'm not supposed to say anything about that."
"Oh, I won't tell anyone; I'm just curious." Bella, you smooth li-ah.

>Then Jake got all ominous. "Do you like scary stories?" he asked.
"I _love _them," she enthused.

>He walked over and planted himself on a root, pun intended. Story

time?"
>"Do you know any of our old stories, about where we came from?" the Quileutes, I mean?"
>"Not really," she admitted.
>"Well, there are lots of legends, some of them claiming to date back to the Flood" supposedly, the ancient Quileutes tied their canoes to the tops of the tallest trees on the mountain to survive like Noah and the Ark." He smiled, to show how little he actually believe the stories. "Another legend claims that we are descended from wolves" and that wolves are our brothers still. It's against tribal law to kill them."
>The wolves..the wolf I saw Wait, he was still going on.
>"Then there are the stories about the Cold Ones." His voice dropped a little lower.
>"The Cold Ones?" Bella whispered, probably deeming it appropriate for the time. The cold ones, I whispered also.
>"Yes, there are stories of the cold ones as old as the wolf legends, and some much more recent. According to legend, my own great-grandfather knew some of them. He was the one who made the treaty that kept them off our land." He rolled his eyes.
Whoa. This sounded all too familiar

>D

****REVIEW****

6. Chapter 7

****AN: Man, do the months fly by. It's still January in my mind. Happy Hunger Games! I pray that none of us are Reaped!****

Legends, stories...that all seemed silly. I was a legend and a story brought to life. Were the Quileutes really wolves? Jacob didn't seem to believe so. If mermaids existed, though, surely my mind had to be open to the possibility of werewolves; sadly I wasn't a believer.

And what about these "Cold Ones"? They didn't sound very friendly. Not all non-humans had to be as friendly as my mermaid trio... Bella was asking about his great-grandfather, encouraging him on. She found this interesting too.

"He was a tribal elder, like my father. You see, the Cold Ones are the natural enemies of the wolf" well, not the wolf really, but the wolves that turn into men, like our ancestors. You would call them werewolves," Jacob said.

Werewolves.

"Werewolves have enemies?" asked Bella.

"Only one. So you see," Jacob continued, "the cold ones are traditionally our enemies. But this pack that came to our territory during my great-grandfather's time was different. They didn't hunt the way other of their kind did" they weren't supposed to be dangerous to the tribe. So my great-grandfather made a truce with them. If they would promise to stay off our lands, we wouldn't expose them to the pale-faces." And then he winked at her.

"If they weren't dangerous, then why..?" I was thinking the same

thing from where I had settled a few meters away behind a pile of washed-up logs. My seat would regret it laterâ€"it was quite damp.

"There's always a risk for humans to be around the cold ones, even if they're civilized like this clan was. You never know when they might get too hungry to resist."

"What do you mean, 'civilized'?"

"They claimed that they didn't hunt humans. They supposedly were somehow able to prey on animals instead."

"So how does it fit in with the Cullens? Are they like the Cold Ones your great-grandfather met?"

Please don't tell me..

"No. They are the _same_ ones. There are more of them now, a new female and a new male, but the rest are the same. In my great-grandfather's time they already knew of the leader, Carlisle. He'd been here and gone before _your_ people had even arrived."

"And what are they?" Bella's voice wavered. "What _are_ the Cold Ones?"

"You're people call them vampires."

Bella and I were both dead silent.

_Dr. Carlisle.. Mrs. Cullen, Emmett, Rosalie, Alice, Jasper, and Edward. Vampires. _Wow.

_Oh my God..they could kill me..but they don't drink human blood. They aren't dangerous. _

Real life vampires. And a mermaid going to the same school.

I'd heard fables of _Vampyres. _Vicious ones. Edward wasn't viscous. Hostile, but he couldn't be vicious. There was only thing to do. I had to confront him.

I listened to Jacob and Bella talk for a while more and sat up on the long, waiting for Jake. _Superstition_. Mike and Jessica approached, and I waved until I shifted into a different, less suspicious, position. I overheard Bella tell Jake to go see her sometime, and I resisted rolling my eyes at her lame attempts of flirting.

The group headed home, and then Jake came up next to me. Very soon, I was going to attempt something potentially dangerous. It's so dangerous, if I don't watch where I step, I'll end up dead.

xoxo

The next day after school we headed into Port Angeles, we being myself, Jessica, Angela, and Bella, who looked quite feverish. We went for one sole purpose: dress shopping. While we were browsing about, Bella asked a few questions about the Cullens.

We planned to have dinner at an Italian restaurant a couple blocks away, but we finished up pretty early. Jessica and Angela were going to take their clothes to the car and walk down to the bay, while Bella wanted to find a bookstore. I decided to go with her. We eventually came across a shop, but I don't think it was what she was looking for. It looked a sketchy Indian place by what I saw in the window frame. We decided to go on to find another.

We meandered through the streets, me following her lead; in retrospect, that wasn't such a great idea, since I had no idea how she was with her sense of direction. She was defiantly pained. I knew when we were going the wrong way when we came through the backstreets and there were four drunkards passing by. Bella hurried along, and I had to increase my pace to keep up with her, keeping my head low.

"Hey there!" One of them called. Hurry, hurry.

"Hey, wait!" One of them called again.

We got around the corner from them, and then we, finally, were back on a sidewalk. Both of us did this all without a word since we left our friends. The sun was setting rapidly, and the air was suddenly cold. She shivered violently. Over my shoulder, I realized two of the men were close behind us. Turning a street corner, I found that there were men waiting ahead. I glanced over my shoulder briefly, finding no escape. A startling realization hit me.

They weren't following us; they were herding us. _Shit._

Bella and I glanced at each other, our hearts racing in our chests. We were trapped.

"There you are!"

"Yeah, we just took a little short cut." They were getting closing in on us,

"Stay away from us," Bella nearly whispered, her voice cracking.

"Don't be like that sugar!" Closer now, too close.

Think like hell, Rikki.

I clenched my fists, which I often did when I was scared or felt cornered.

I was getting cold.

Suddenly I lashed out. I threw my hands forward and gasped, a wave of heat flying from me and surrounding us. The men quickly scurried away from the scalding ring of heat. The sky flashed with lightning, and sparks lit up in the air around us, making the water from the ground steam. It was quite a show, the ground nearly becoming a fiery pit. Then my energy died, and I flopped forward, the phenomena fading. Bella stared at me like I was some kind of freak, and I reclined on her.

The men, who had fallen onto their seats, stared at us in

horror.

"What the hell was that?"

"I don't know man; let's get out of here!" They hurried up to their feet and turned to run, but then the headlights of a vehicle sped toward them, scattering the group like a bunch of cockroaches. The last thing I heard was a boy's voice furiously yelling, "Get in."

xoxo

When I woke up, it was dark. I was in a car- _a car..headlights_- in the back seat. Rubbing my eyes, I sat up and leaned forward to see who was in the driver's seat. Oddly the passenger seat was vacant. My ear was perched on the shoulder of Edward Cullen.

He stared at me. "Thank God."

I coolly leaned back into the back seat. "Edward..where are we? Why am I in your car? Where's Bella and Jessica and Angela? Is this a dream?"

"...This isn't a dream...don't you remember what happened?"

"Oh...I remember fire. And headlights. We were looking for a bookstore."

"Yes, you got lost, and I picked you up. I took Bella home, and I'm taking you to my house."

"Wait, what time is it? I was supposed to meet them for dinner. Why are you talking me to your house?"

"For one, I don't know where you live." His tone was bugging me. "They had already eaten, waiting for you. I can get you some food if you're hungry."

"Oh I live at.." Did I really want to tell a _vampire_ where I live?

"Well, I'll have my dad look at your head. You fainted and hit your head pretty hard, Bella...told me. I saw it the accident too."

He's taking me to his vampire doctor Dad. But..my head really does hurt, and Dr. Cullen's a nice guy, right? Besides this could be my chance to see if they really were monsters.

"Okay..but you promised me food." I took my face away from his seat and relaxed in the back seat. I thought I saw a smile form on his lips in the mirror, but his expression returned to the stressed one of before. Had I really been out cold since Port Angeles? Driving from there to Bella's and out...he obviously didn't live in town either. No wonder he was worried.

I rubbed my forehead. "Are we almost there? I'm tired."

"Yes." He made a right turn onto a dirt path, and I wondered how it found it in the darkness. I could barely see it myself. We finally pulled up to a frigging mansion, brightly lit in several windows.

Edward, being the gentleman he is, got out of the car and opened my door, assisting me in getting out. "You okay? Can you walk?"

"Yeah, I'm fine" Sadly, I tripped when I tried to get out of the car. He placed my arm around his shoulder and his arm around my waist, practically dragging me to the front door since my legs weren't cooperating. We made our way to the door, and he led me inside. I glanced around at the grand hall. "Nice house."

"Thank you," a voice interjected. A woman came out of the kitchen with a confused look molded on her heart-shaped face. "Edward? You didn't inform us you were bringing a guest over this" she briefly checked her watch for the time"late."

"Hi, Mrs. Cullen," I said politely, praying that it was the right person, she looked the same age as the rest of her family, "I have no idea what time it is. I'm Rikki." I leaned forward to offer my hand. She left me hanging and looked at Edward for confirmation.

"Yes, mother; this is Rikki, a classmate of mine. Actually, she hit her head, so I was curious to see if Dad could take a look at her."

"Oh yes, of course," Esme smiled and placed a light, icy hand on my shoulder for a moment. "I'm Esme, Edward's mother," she introduced herself, gesturing to her son. "I'll have Carlisle come downstairs." She looked to the top of the stairs where Carlisle Cullen had already appeared.

"Hello, Rikki and Edward," he greeted in his smooth voice.

"Hi, Mr. Cullen." I smiled.

"Now, let's have a look at you." Carlisle led me into their spotless kitchen and sat me down at the counter. Edward appeared after a brief moment. "Now Edward said you hit your head."

"Yes, she was in Port Angeles with her friends and had gotten lost. I found her and Bella just as she fainted and fell hitting her head. I drove Bella home and took her here so we could see if she was okay," Edward answered for me.

"Oh, that's unfortunate. Well, let me take a look at your head." He examined my head and shone one of those little lights in my eyes, causing me to blink.

"Can I get you anything to eat or drink, Rikki? Water, Juice?" Esme asked as she came back into the kitchen.

"Get her some water, honey," Carlisle ordered.

"Yes, water would be fine." I tried to keep my smile.

"Well, you look fine to me Rikki; you just need some fluids in your system to rehydrate yourself," Esme handed it to him to give to me, "and some good rest tonight. You'll be good as new. You seemed a little wobbly at first, but you'll be fine."

"Thank you, Doc," I replied.

Esme set some apple slices on the counter next to me. "Here, sip some water and have something to nibble on. When you're finished, Carlisle can take you home."

"I can drive her home, mother," Edward said.

"You have school tomorrow," Esme said.

"It's okay, Esme. Besides, Edward's a better night driver than I am," Carlisle calmly stated.

"Fine by me," I said. I felt like I had no say in anything. I took a bite of my apple, and the two adults left the kitchen. Edward walked around the counter and leaned across from me. "Your parents are nice," I said as I swallowed the apple piece.

"They're okay," he replied, shrugging.

"So where's the rest of your clan?"

"Sleeping probably," he pondered. I nodded and glanced at the clock above the stove.

"Wow, it's that late." I finished off the apple and gulped down the rest of the water.

I hopped off the stool and pulled my coat tighter around meâ€"everything about this house is freezingâ€"checking my phone and noting with surprise the amount of messages. Edward led me to the car and opened my door, closing it softly before strolling around to take the driver's seat. "So where _do _you live?"

_Moment of truth. If he really was a "Cold One", then--

"Funny thing actually, I live on the La Push reservation, Southeast Road. Hope it's not too out of your way. Sorry if it is, but I've got no other way home and you offered." He became very still then. "No problem right? Hello?"

"Yes. No problem," He said through his teeth.

This was going to be a long, dangerous ride with a murderous vampire.

"Thanks for taking me to your Dad. Don't know what Sam would say if I came home with a concussion. Ha ha."

He didn't think it was so funny. "Glad you're okay."

"What?"

"Glad you're okay."

"Oh, me too."

"Did you say you're staying with Sam? Sam Uley?"

"The very same."

His hands just seemed to grip tighter on the steering wheel.

"I forgot to say something, Edward," I remembered.

"What?"

"Nice car."

"Thank you."

xoxo

"So why did you cancel our date?"

"What, this wasn't good enough for you?" He said lightly.
Two-faced.

"Not even close. I did already meet your family thought. Part of it. So when are you going to take me out for real?"

"Let's see if we can make it through the night."

"Let's see."

Ten minutes later we approached the reservation lines. He gritted his teeth real hard then. "A quarter mile down this road make a left and a right," I gave him a reassuring smile and batted my eyelashes.

He pulled into my dirt drive way. Sam was on the porch. He stomped over to the car and glared a hole through Edward. I got out the car, but Edward didn't.

"Bye, Edward. Thanks for driving me home." I waved, but he had already pulled out of the lot and was gone. Sam stomped up to me and dragged me into the house, grabbing me by the arm.

"Sam?"

"You are in a _mountain_ of trouble, Rikki! Do you know how late it is? You are WAY past your curfew!"

"I didn't even know I had a curfew!"

"Why didn't you call? I tried to reach you ten times!"

"I was distracted! I didn't know you had tried to contact me!"

"Mmm, too distracted with _Cullen?_" Sam snarled, looked absolutely infuriated. He was nearly trembling with fury.

"What is that supposed to mean?" I asked accusingly. We hadn't done anything dirtyâ€"definitelyâ€"if that's what he was assuming. *

Rage began to simmer inside of me now. Did Sam know? Emily came outside on the porch with us.

"Sam, you need to CALM DOWN. Rikki, please go inside and go to your room." I stomped my way inside past the two. Emily was trying to comfort him. Why was he so enraged?

Inside the living room were four of Sam's friendsâ€"I recognized two

of them as Jared and Paul. Jacob was absent. They all looked tense and stared at me as I walked in towards the stairs. I flushed in embarrassment. They probably heard Sam yelling at meâ€”he was that loud. A younger one of them that I didn't recognize mumbled a low "Hey, Rikki."

I hung my head and headed up stairs into my room, too embarrassed to slam my door. I put my pajamas on and washed up for the night; I was so tired. From my little bedroom window I could see Sam and Emily still on the porch. They had began fighting, but I couldn't hear what they were saying.

The boys came outside and surrounded around Sam. He barked something at them, and then I watched as all of the got down on the ground. I couldn't understand what they were doing until simultaneously they began to explode. A ripping sound carried through the night as I watched their clothes flutter to the ground in pieces. They were somehow replaced with gigantic wolves. The groupâ€”the _packâ€”_ran into the forest, the largest of the groupâ€”the black one that used to be Samâ€”in the lead.

_Oh my lord..._The Quileutes were really wolves. Sam was a werewolf, and so were his friends. I had forced Edward into a situation where he had had to break their treaty, come onto their land.

I heard Emily come upstairs, and I leaped in my bed, turning out the light. She peaked in my room and was satisfied with my still figure. I could hear her softly crying. She left and cut out the hall light, tears streaming down her face as she carried herself down the stairs to rest at the kitchen table.

They were going to kill the Cullens. I had doomed them.

That night lying in bed, an hour hadn't passed before I realized the gravity of my situation. My family was a bunch of werewolves, and I had forced the vampires to violate their own treaty. I could have just started a war.

Oh my god... It was so overwhelming. The severity of the situation caused me to stay awake all night, and as I gazed blankly out the window at the breaking dawn, I didn't have a clue as to how to stop the impending fight.

:D

I'm thinking about adding Edward's point of view so tell me what you guys think about that.

Chapter Songs: 1) When it Rains, Paramore 2) Suggestions, Orelia Has Orchestra 3) The Arena, The Tributes (cause I CAN)

Guys, make sure to tell me in your review who or what you love about this story and I'll be sure to add more of it!

End
file.